

2 Dying in Panic on Coney Train

Story on Page Three

WEATHER
FORECAST
—
Showers

Monday

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EVENING GRAPHIC

Nothing
but the
Truth

ACCORDING TO SCHEDULE



The Bunk of 1926

ON A FLIMSY case built up by a country detective who had been kicked out of his job and who attached himself to the payroll of a newspaper to show up the people who had put him out of office, Mrs. Frances Stevens Hall, widow of the murdered New Brunswick, N. J., pastor, was arrested last week on a charge of murder.

After four years, during which the authorities threw out the mass of evidence dug up in the case because it did not prove anything, Mrs. Hall was arrested at midnight as if she were a common criminal and thrown into jail.

It had to be done at midnight! The editor who was paying the country detective was skulking behind a tree in front of Mrs. Hall's home where it was distinctly understood by all those concerned in the perpetration of this outrage that the editor's paper was to get a "beat" on what went on. Midnight was the zero hour and the arrest would bolster up the attack against Mrs. Hall, relentlessly pressed for many days in the editor's paper, which had cried out in every edition that this persecuted woman was a liar and a murderess! *Even the radio had been dragged in.*

Is it any wonder that when this state of affairs reached the attention of Justice Gummere, a learned judge of years of experience and wisdom, Mrs. Hall was promptly released from jail on a nominal bail?

Is it surprising that a desperate effort is being made to appoint a special prosecutor to save the state of New Jersey from further disgrace? It is perfectly plain that the young prosecutor, who was rushed off his feet in this wave of newspaper hysteria, now realizes that if Mrs. Hall is indicted he will have to try to convict her on so-called evidence picked up by a detective he fired from office!

And what about the evidence itself?

If Mrs. Hall was the murderess, and the evidence against her could not be made public at this time, why did not the prosecutor quietly tell what

he had against her to Justice Gummere in private? This would have held her without bail. But there was nothing new. The case against her collapsed as soon as it reached the light of day. So much for what is hatched up at midnight!

This Hall-Mills case has gone on too long for the nation to be yelling for some one's blood. It was demonstrated four years ago that a gang of jealous politicians, whose opinion on most subjects isn't worth two cents on the dollar and who are ready to cut each other's throats on the slightest provocation, cannot get at the truth of this murder.

This mystery will never be solved by palm greasing. It will never be solved by a newspaper whose chief desire is to drag people to jail at midnight for summer circulation.

Now that the ice is broken, the governor can do a lot. Let him remember first that he can get nowhere by dealing exclusively with a newspaper which could not find words degrading enough to attack him during the Passaic strike. Let him order a probe of the money that has been spent in this case already to twist the facts and submerge the truth! The governor is an honest man and a square shooter. Let him roll up his sleeves and swing the ax, REGARDLESS OF WHERE THE CHIPS FALL. That's what the Hall-Mills case needs!

Once again this four-year-old farce is trotted out. The Pig Woman, riding on her donkey under a pale moon looking for a lost sock, swears she saw Mrs. Hall and a male relative on the scene of the crime. Mrs. Hall is arrested and the relative is forgotten. Willie the Fireman, Mrs. Hall's brother, swears he was with his sister all night. Mrs. Hall is arrested, but Willie is forgotten. A reformed burglar is clapped into jail and two days later a conscience-stricken prosecutor decides his bail should be lowered to let him out. The superintendent of the state troopers, who knows nothing about what has transpired during his absence in the West Indies, lands at Hoboken, all brown from a tropical sun, and announces that the case is solved!

And in the meantime, a widow, who for years suffered under her husband's perfidy, who went through weeks of agony after he was murdered and who was cleared after an exhaustive investigation, is pilloried by a midnight headliner because a country detective wants to get even with a small town prosecutor who, it is said, hasn't even passed the bar examinations.

Yea, verily, this is the Bunk of 1926!

The Death of Love

Love, in its very nature, is pure, noble and fine. Whatever tends to offend its delicate sense tends to destroy it.

Love is very sensitive—very delicate.

Whatever is immodest, rude, coarse or sensitive is incompatible with love.

A woman will stand for many faults in the man she loves.

A man will excuse many imperfections in the woman he loves.

But nothing is more certain than that there is a limit to the forbearance of both sexes.

Love covers a multitude of faults, but it should not be expected to reach out too far.

Love wanes, becomes enfeebled and finally dies outright, due to many causes.

Thousands of men have slain their wives' love for them and rendered their homes desolate by words alone.

Coarse language soon kills love.

By actions that are offensive to the finer sensibilities, delicacy and sense of propriety, many men have converted a loving wife into a woman of hate.

Surfeits of anger and jealousy destroy the love of thousands.

Foul morals and vicious personal habits destroy love as surely as poison destroys life.

Soiled linen, a bad breath, slovenly dress—these and other little things often kill the love of husband for wife or wife for husband.

A nagging wife can kill her husband's love in a short time.

A suspicious wife who repeatedly accuses her husband of infidelity soon wrecks her home.

Some men cannot love a fat woman. Women who allow themselves to become fat after marriage often wreck their husband's love.

Liberties before marriage weaken and destroy love.

Excesses and loathsome sex practices after marriage sow the seeds of rage, hatred, loathing and disgust in the woman's heart.

If two people are attracted to each other and love each other sufficiently to cause them to get married, they can continue to love each other after marriage.

If love dies and turns to hatred and disgust, if attraction fades and repulsion takes its place, this is the fault of one or both parties.

Love does not die without cause.

Attraction does not fade so long as the elements upon which it is based continue to exist.

Love and attraction can be revived in most instances if the proper course is pursued.

Bernard Macfadden

WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY

All letters to the Editor must bear names and addresses or will not be published.

GIVE FLAPPERS SPANKING

To the Editor of The GRAPHIC:—

I have been reading many letters of flappers whipped and spanked by their mothers. I have come to the conclusion that these mothers are right to give their disobedient flapper daughters a spanking. I think it's about time parents wake up, get some sense, use judgment, and whip these disobedient daughters with a strap or birch rod or cat-o-nine tails, who come home all hours of the night from petting parties, or roadhouse parties intoxicated, or from automobile riding with every Tom, Dick and Harry, and smoking cigarettes.

JOHN MILLS.

85 Cook St., Brooklyn.

DAUGHTER SEES SPANKINGS

To the Editor of The GRAPHIC:—

It is a pleasant surprise to learn how many of your thinking readers, both men and women, have learned and continue to apply the practical results which always follow a justified spanking. Both my husband and myself are always keenly alert watching our step and respecting each other's rights because we know a slip means a severe spanking properly given with a rattan. But slips are few and infrequent. And to properly train our devoted flapper daughter, aged 16, she is allowed to witness the punishment by mutual consent.

(MRS.) IDA WEINSTEIN.
2025 Regent Place, Brooklyn.

(Other letters on page 21)